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CHASE & BORUCK, Proprietors.

OUR TASK - TO ENLIGHTEN.

TERMS: One Year, \$5; Six Months, \$3.

VOL. III—NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 68.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY CHASE & BORUCK,
NO. 72 MERCHANT STREET,
Below Montgomery.

CHARLES M. CHASE, MARCUS D. BORUCK,
TERMS, FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH.

The Fireman's Journal and Military Gazette is published every Saturday morning, and served to City Subscribers at Fifty Cents per month, payable to the Carriers. It will also be mailed for six months for \$3.00; or \$5.00 a year, payable invariably in advance. All communications, connected with the editorial department, to be addressed to the editor, post paid;—on business, to the Publishers. No attention will be given to anonymous communications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author. Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates. All descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

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—AND—
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J. BERRY & Co.,
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Two College Friends.

[CONCLUDED.]
CHAPTER V.

"Don't force her," said the old man, in a mournful tone. "I know she wouldn't. But you won't go in anger, Lucy? Benford, you'll forgive me?" "Oh, my lord," said the curate, immensely gratified, and set down again.

"Are those family names, Benford?" inquired his lordship carelessly, but still looking sadly in Dulcibel's glowing face.

"Yes, my lord. Dulcibel was my mother's name, and her brother's name was Winington Harvey. You have heard, perhaps, of his melancholy fate? He was murdered."

"You are Winington Harvey's nephew?" said Lord Warleigh.

"Yes, my lord, and they used to say I was very like him."

"Who?—who used to say so? your mother, perhaps. Is she alive?"

"Both mother and father died when I was three years old. My grandfather in Yorkshire brought me up. It was dear old cousin Lucy, who died when I was twelve—Lucy Mainfield."

"Oh, yes, she?"

"Oh, yes, my lord, and left me all the little money she had. She used to say I was very like my uncle."

"And did she tell you any particulars of his end?"

"No, my lord. She spoke very little of the past. She had been very unhappy in her youth—a disappointment in love, we thought; and some people said she had been fond of Uncle Winington; but I don't know—his fate was very horrible. He had been down in Devonshire, reading with a friend, and was killed on his way home."

"And you never heard the friend's name?"

"No, Cousin Lucy never mentioned it; and there was no one else who knew."

"And how do you know his fate?"

"It was in the coroner's verdict. And do you know, my lord, he is buried not far from this."

"Who told you that?" said Warleigh, starting up, as if about to break forth in another paroxysm of rage. "Who knows anything about that?"

"Cousin Lucy told me when I was very young, that if ever I went into the West I should try to find out his grave."

"And for that purpose you are here; it was to discover this you came to Warleigh? His lordship's eyes flashed with anger."

"Oh, no, my lord; it is only a coincidence, that's all; but the place is not far off. In fact I believe it to be nearer than cousin Lucy thought."

"Go on—go on," cried Lord Warleigh, restraining himself from the display of his unhappy temper. "What reason have you to think so?"

"The map of the country, my lord. Oakfield does not seem more than twenty miles off."

"And your uncle is buried there?"

"Yes, my lord. I think of going over to see the grave next week."

"I wish you good-morning, Mr. Benford," said Warleigh, suddenly, but very kindly. "You have told me a strange piece of family history. Good-morning, too, my little dear. What! you won't shake the old man's hand? You look frightened, Lucy. Will you come and see me again, Lucy Mainfield?" He dwelt upon the name as if it pleased him.

"No—never," said the little girl, and pushed Benford toward the door. "I don't like you, and will never come again."

Benford broke out into apologies, and a cold perspiration: "She's a naughty, little child, my lord. Dulcibel, how can you behave so? Children, my lord, are so very foolish."

"That they speak truth even when it is disagreeable; but I expected it, and am not surprised. Good-day."

Soon after this a series of miracles occurred to Mr. Benford, which filled him with surprise. The manager of the bank at Warleigh called on him one day, and the most respectful manner requested that he would continue to keep his account, as heretofore, with the firm. Now, the account of Mr. Benford was not such as would seem to justify such a request, seeing it consisted at that moment of a balance of eighteen pounds seven and sixpence. However, he bowed with the politeness which a curate always displays to a banker, and expressed his gracious intention of continuing his patronage to Messrs. Bulk and Looby, and the latter gentleman, after another courteous bow, retired, leaving the pass-book in the hands of the gratified clergyman. He opened it; and the first line that met his view was a credit to the Reverend Henry Benford, of the sum of twelve thousand six hundred pounds! On presenting the amazing document to the notice of his wife, that lady at first was indignant at those vulgar tradespeople, Bulk and Looby, venturing to play such a hoax on a friend of Lord Warleigh. This was now the designation by which her husband was most respectfully in the eyes of his helpmate; and somewhat inclined to resent the supposed insult, Benford walked down to the bank, and came to an explanation with both the partners in the private room. There could be no doubt of the fact. The money was paid in to his name, in London, and transmitted, in the ordinary course, to his country bankers. In fear and trembling—and merely to put his good luck to the test—he drew a check for a hundred and twenty pounds, which was immediately honored; and with the tangible witnesses to the truth of his banker's statement, he returned to the parsonage and poured the guineas in glittering array upon the drawing-room table. All attempts to discover the source of his riches were unavailing. Messrs. Bulk and Looby had no knowledge on the subject, and their correspondents in town were equally unable to say.

Then, in a week after this astounding event, a new miracle happened, for Mr. Looby again presented himself at the rectory, and requested to know in whose names the money which had arrived that morning was to be held.

"More money!" said Mr. Benford; "Oh, put it up with the other; but really," added the ingenious youth, "I don't think I require any more."

"It isn't for you, Sir, this time," said Mr. Looby. "I'm very glad to hear it," said Mr. Benford, and with perfect truth.

"It's for the children; and if you will have two trustees, the funds will be conveyed to them at once."

Benford named two friends; and then, in a careless, uninterested manner, said, "How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied Mr. Looby. "In the five per cent—which are now at a hundred and two—say, twenty thousand four hundred pounds, if we sell at once. Our broker is Bochus of Crutched Friars."

Miss Dulcibel was an heiress, and Master Winington an heir! The funds were to accumulate till they were eighteen and twenty-one respectively, with two hundred a year for the maintenance and education of each.

Then, in a fortnight more, came a gentleman whom Benford had never seen before—a little, fat, red-faced man, so choked up in a white neckcloth that it was evident he was determined to look like a clergyman or parish in the attempt. He introduced himself in a gracious manner, and said he was a clerical agent.

"More money?" inquired Benford, who now seldom saw any stranger without suspecting that he had just returned from paying large sums to his name at the bank.

"No, Sir, not money," replied the agent.

"Oh! that's odd," said Benford; "then, may I ask what your business is with me?"

"It is, perhaps, better than money," replied the little fat man, with a cough which was intended to represent a smile. "Sir Hildd Swilks of Somerset has heard of your great eloquence, Mr. Benford."

"Sir Hildd is very good," said Mr. Benford, modestly; "plain common-sense is what I aim at."

"The truest eloquence," rejoined the clerical agent, "the rest is thought but labor and unbelief, as Pope says. He has also heard of your kindness to the poor, your charity, and many other good qualities, and he has done himself the honor to present you to the valuable living of Swilksstone Magna; it is a clear income of eight hundred a year, with a good parsonage-house, and two packs of hounds within—but, perhaps, you don't hunt, Mr. Benford—ah! very right; it is very undesirable—the bishops ought to interfere. Poor is the triumph over the timid here, as Thompson says, or fox as I say."

"You have proofs I suppose?" said Benford, thinking it just possible that the pithy gentleman before him might be an impostor about to end with asking the loan of a pound.

"Here is the presentation, Sir, all ready, signed and sealed; you have nothing to do but to go to Wells—his lordship will institute you any day you like."

The only other remarkable thing connected with this incident is, that about this time Sir Hildd Swilks paid off a mortgage of eight or nine thousand pounds, as if fortune had smiled on his benevolent action in favor of Mr. Benford.

But, in the meantime, all intercourse between the curate and the noble had ceased. The business of the parish was transacted by letter as before; and it was only when the rector of Swilksstone Magna thought it his duty to announce his departure that he determined to go up to the castle and wait on Lord Warleigh in person. Lord Warleigh was ill—he could see nobody—he kept his room; and the confidential gentleman who dressed in plain black, and spoke in whispers, couldn't name any day when his lordship would be likely to admit Mr. Benford.

"Is he very unwell?" said the rector; "for if his lordship will not receive my visits as a neighbor, perhaps he will not object to seeing me in my professional character as a visitor of the sick."

"We dare not tell his lordship he is ill, Sir; your presence would alarm him too much; as it is, he is terribly out of spirits, and says curious things—he never was fond of clergymen."

"Mention my request to him if you have the opportunity. I don't wish to go without taking leave. The man promised, though evidently with no expectation of being able to comply with the request, and Benford returned to communicate to his wife that the anticlimax of the great man continued."

"And all because poor little Dulcibel said she didn't like him. It was certainly very foolish in her to say so to a lord; but she knew no better."

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"Drinks!—a nobleman!" exclaimed Mrs. Benford. "Impossible!"

"I don't know," replied the rector of Swilksstone. "He looked very odd and talked in a queer way, and fell into passions about nothing. I am not sorry, I assure you, to be going away. I told you from the first I did not like him. His hand felt as cold as a sword."

"I never felt his hand," said Mrs. Benford, in so sad a voice that it was pretty clear she regretted the circumstance very deeply. "But we shall probably be more intimate with that excellent man Sir Hildd. He is only a baronet to be sure, but his title is older than Lord Warleigh's. How good in him to give you the living merely from the good reports he heard of your character!"

It was now autumn. The middle of October was past, and an early winter was already beginning to be felt. The preparations for removal were completed, and on the following day the Parsonage was to be deserted, and possession of the new living entered upon. It was nine o'clock; the night dark and windy; a feeble moon glimmered at intervals through the sky, and added to the gloom she could not dispense. Mrs. Benford retired to her room, as they had to rise early in the morning. Benford was sitting with his feet on the fender, looking into the fire, when he heard a knock at the door. It was opened by the maid, and soon he perceived steps in the passage; a tap came to the door of the parlor.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," and a figure entered the room. Benford looked round amazed. The stranger stood near the door, and fixed his eyes on Benford. Wrapped up against the cold, but with the cloak now drooping on his shoulders; with his hat still on his head, and his hand resting on a long staff, stood Lord Warleigh, pale, ghastly, with lips distended, and uttering not a word.

"Your lordship!" exclaimed Benford, springing up. "What, in Heaven's name, has brought your lordship here, on this dreadful night, so ill as you are?"

"Speak low," said Lord Warleigh. "I've come to you—to see you again; to compare your features with—Help! set me down; my head grows giddy." Benford helped him into a chair, drew it near the fire, and chafed his hand between his palms.

"Can you touch it without a shudder?" said Lord Warleigh. "Don't you feel that it is not like other people's hands?"

Conscience kept Benford silent; he ceased to rub the hand, and let it fall.

"There! again he interferes!" said the old man, in a broken voice. "I see him lifting your hand away."

"Who?" said Benford. "There is no one here."

"There is. There is some one here who has never left his side for fifty years. Nothing will soothe him, nothing will drive him away. At last he sits on my right hand; alone, he sits opposite and stares into my face. Now he smiles—how like you are!"

"Your lordship is very ill. Have you sent for Dr. Jones?"

"No—don't talk of doctors. I tell you they can do no good. I've come to you to-night. I could not bear the room I sat in—there were voices in it, and people all round me. Was there, and spoke to me of Aladdin's Palace and his salary as physician. Haven't I paid his fees to his relations? But that's not sufficient. Well more—I will pay more. He shakes his head, and perhaps it is enough."

"I do not know what your lordship alludes to, but I beg you to be composed."

"Listen!" said Lord Warleigh. "It was not me body—it was a stranger; and the thought came into my head to call the sufferer him. It lulled suspicion. I saw his sister, his mother, his cousin. They all seemed to have found me out. When I touched their hands they drew them away. I was a pariah—a leper. No one looked kindly on me. When I spoke of my engagement, she turned away her head. When I said that when I had three thousand a year I would claim her promise, she said to me, 'Arthur, if you had millions in your purse, I would not wed you now.' I saw Ellen. I told her of her fate. She was silent and looked into my eyes. I knew she saw my soul as it lay trembling, struggling, trying to hide itself under the shadow of that great fact. She smiled and pined, and her father's heart broke; and I was rich—I was Sir Arthur Haynham—I was Lord Warleigh, and what am I now?"

"You are Lord Warleigh, my lord. I beseech you to be calm."

"But you won't ask me to go back to the Broom-bank—it was there I built the castle. The library is above the very spot where the plant grew with the metal in its roots. I want to go there, for to-night is the anniversary of the time. The last-born upon the heath; the pickaxe was lying in the hole; there was a heap of earth thrown out, and six, eight, ten feet down, the busy laborer was at work; the spade was on the heaped-up soil—I saw it flash in the light of the lantern as it flew into the air: its edge went down—I saw it fall. There was silence then and forever in the pit. I filled it up with my feet—with my hands. I leveled it on the top. I beat it down. I built great halls above it; but it won't stay quiet. Sounds come from it up into my library, night and day; and at ten o'clock I hear a step, I see a face, its eyes on mine; and to-night, the worst of all the year. I cannot go home!"

"Your lordship is most welcome to remain. I will order a bed."

"No, not a bed. I shall never lie in a bed again. See, he rises! Give me your hand, and look!"

Lord Warleigh held Benford's hand, and looked to his right side. The fire was dull—the candle had burned nearly down. Benford was not a superstitious nor a timid man, but there was something in Lord Warleigh's manner that alarmed him. He looked where he pointed; and, straining his eyes in the direction of his finger, he saw, or fancied he saw, a pale white face growing palpable in the darkness, and fixing its calm, cold eyes upon his companion. For a moment the empty air had gathered itself into form, and he could have persuaded himself that Lord Warleigh's description of what he perceived was true. But the hand fell away, the head drooped down upon his breast, and his lordship was asleep. An hour passed away. A clock in the passage sounded two; and Benford touched Lord Warleigh on the shoulder.

"Your lordship," he said, "you must find it cold here. Your bed will soon be ready."

But Lord Warleigh made no reply. Benford looked in his face; he spoke to him gently, loudly, but still no answering sign. No; not to the loudest trumpet-call that earthly breath can utter will that ear ever be open. Lord Warleigh had passed away, with all his wealth and all his miseries; and nothing remained but a poor old figure propped up in an armchair, with the futile flames of an expiring fire throwing their lights and shadows on his stiff and motionless face.

Benford was greatly shocked, but a little honored, too. It isn't every parsonage parlor where a lord with fifty thousand a year condescends to die. He preached his lordship's funeral sermon to a vast congregation. He told of his charities—of his successful life; touched lightly on the slight aberrations of a mind enfeebled by years and honorable exertion; and trusted he had found peace, as he had died in the house, almost in the arms of a clergyman. His lordship's estates were sold; the sum realized was to be applied to the foundation of schools and hospitals, but not a school-room or a ward was ever built. The will was contested. Heirs-at-law sprung up in all ranks of life; lawyers flourished; and finally Chancery swallowed up all. When the estate of Combe-Warleigh changed hands, the castle was converted into a mill; the library was taken down, and a shaft sank where it had stood. When the workmen had descended about eight feet from the surface they came to a skeleton, a lantern, and a spade. The curious thing was that the spade was deeply imbedded in the skull. Mr. Fungus the antiquary read a paper at the Archaeological Society, proving with certainty that the body had been sacrificed by the Druids; and a controversy arose between him and Dr. Toadstool, who clearly proved at the British Association that it was the grave of a suicide of the time of King Alfred. I am of a very different opinion; by a sensible man and not an antiquarian, I keep it to myself.

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MONUMENT.—The citizens of South Carolina to the number of 2000, assembled at Cowpens on the 24th of May and erected a Monument to the memory of the departed heroes who fought there 75 years ago. A correspondent of the Charleston Standard reports the doings and speeches on the occasion, and describes the Monument as follows:—"The smallest diameter of the shaft, which is of iron, is about six inches, and it is surmounted by a bomb shell and a gilt eagle, also of iron. The cap of the base is of white marble, and the several sides of it contains the following inscriptions, in sunken gilt letters:

Washington.
The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, to whose custody the Widow of WILLIAM WASHINGTON Entrusted the Banner, visited this Battle field April, 1856, and again waved over it the Flag borne by him on that occasion.
Fort Moultrie—King's Mountain—Cowpens—Eutaw Springs: OUR HERITAGE.
MORGAN—HOWARD—PICKENS.
We enjoy the result of their struggles, let us emulate the virtues which secured it.

STEAMBOAT FIRE ENGINES.—On Friday last week, says the *Scientific American*, of May 10th, a public exhibition of a No 5 Worthington steam force pump was made on board the ferry boat *Nassau*, at the Wall Street Ferry. The pump is to be used in case of great leakage, fire on the boat and also for fires along the docks, and ships in the harbor—thus assisting the fire Department. The cylinder of the pump is ten inches and a quarter in diameter, and the stroke 10 inches. The pump threw a seven-eighth inch stream of water through 700 feet of hose, up the Brooklyn Heights, and over the top of the highest houses. The experiments were very satisfactory. All our city ferry boats should be compelled to employ powerful steam pumps, so that they could be used as huge floating fire engines, in case of fires among our shipping, which, at present, is very indifferently provided for. One such pump would have prevented the great conflagration of shipping which took place two years ago, when the *Great Republic* has nearly burned down at her dock, and had to be scuttled to save her hull and cargo.

We also recommend the Board of Underwriters to pay the expense of these pumps, or reduce their rates of insurance.

TRIAL OF STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—On the 6th inst, says the *Scientific American*, of May 17th, a trial of steam fire engines took place in the park, this city, to compete for three prizes, of \$500, \$300, and \$200, for the first, second, and third best. Only two engines appeared really as competitors—that of Lee & Larned, with Carey's pump, (noticed by us a few weeks since), and a new one by Messrs. Burnham, all of this city. Another, constructed by J. Smith, was on the ground, but this is all the notice it requires—it was a mere toy. The contest was between the engines of Lee & Larned and Messrs. Burnham. In 12 minutes after lighting the fires, the engine of the former party was at work, while that of the latter took 20 minutes. Both of these engines threw good streams of water,—but the rotary pump the best. Burnham's is constructed with two vertical steam cylinders and pumps; its workmanship was coarse, as if the whole engine was too hastily constructed. It contains some good features, and might be made to operate better. The engine of Lee & Larned leaked a great deal of water and steam. To us the experiment was not so satisfactory, as far as it relates to the condition of the engines.

The prize Committee of the Common Council, we understand, have decided that the first prize should be awarded to J. Smith, exhibitor of the working model; the second to Lee & Larned, and the third to Messrs. Burnham. This is a commendable decision. We are not only surprised that the first prize was awarded to the small, incomplete fire engine, but that it should have been awarded a prize at all. Its owner, we think, must feel as surprised as ourselves, for we think he never expected any such award. The committee of the Common Council evidently were unfit to decide such a question. It should have been left to a committee of practical machinists and engineers.

BURNER, HARR.—Besides the hard labor and arduous duties of the firemen at the late conflagration in Philadelphia, the "Fire Association," have lost \$30,000 insurance on property destroyed. This amount comes out of the firemen and fire companies who insured property in the city and county of Philadelphia.

THE BULL DOG AND AUSTRALIA.—Howitt, in his work on Australia, says: "These insects are countless; swarm everywhere, and over everything. Their tenacity of life is most amazing. I have told you of the manner in which one-half of a bull dog fights the other if cut in two. I saw an instance of it just now. Our guest cut one in two which was annoying him. The head immediately seized the body with its mandible, and the body began stinging away manfully at the head. The light went on for half an hour, without any diminished sign of life; it is what they always do. Instead of dying as they ought to do, they set and fight away for hours, if some of the other ants do not come and carry them away; whether to eat them or bury them we know not."

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

From the *Town Talk* of July 16th. We take the following well written article.

In the consolidation bill but eight thousand dollars has been allowed per annum to meet the entire necessary expenses of our Fire Department. Out of this sum, it was ignorantly expected by the framers of the bill that the appropriation would be ample enough to pay for everything in the Department that would be required to preserve its efficiency. This includes stewards' fees for taking care of seventeen engines and apparatus, preserving and repairing hose, and furnishing lights and fuel for the various companies which compose the organization, besides building, repairing and filling cisterns, and paying the incidental expenses of the entire Department. Now, to do this it will require nearly eight thousand dollars more, and even then the most rigid economy must be exercised.

How, then, is the deficit to be made up? Why, every individual member of each company must pay a heavy assessment from out of his own pocket towards keeping their machines in order, and greasing and repairing the Department's hose; or, in other words, he, as a fireman, must be heavily taxed for the privilege of running to fires and endangering his life to save the lives and property of others not belonging to the organization.

It is estimated that the assessment for each company, at the lowest calculation, will amount to some-thing over four hundred dollars for repairing our cisterns, filling them, and keeping our hose in order; besides this, each company has other expenses, which cannot well be done away with. Under these circumstances, how can we expect to keep up an organization in a state of efficiency, which has been the pride and boast of our city, and composed of men who, as a body, cannot be coerced to do the bidding of any political huckster who may conceive a scheme for public "clap trap," and rush it through the legislature. Too much dangerous life to save the lives and property of others, and too much honor to the organization. The Consolidation bill, referring to the fire department, it has a tendency to destroy, in a measure, the spirit of emulation which has heretofore existed among the various companies forming the organization.

We hope some action will be taken to do away with the odious law, and when one again is enacted concerning our fire department, the framers of it will display more real knowledge of its affairs and of the benefits, if any, which they wish to confer.

the air: its edge went down—I saw it fall. There was silence then and forever in the pit. I filled it up with my feet—with my hands. I leveled it on the top. I beat it down. I built great halls above it; but it won't stay quiet. Sounds come from it up into my library, night and day; and at ten o'clock I hear a step, I see a face, its eyes on mine; and to-night, the worst of all the year. I cannot go home!"

"Your lordship is most welcome to remain. I will order a bed."

"No, not a bed. I shall never lie in a bed again. See, he rises! Give me your hand, and look!"

Lord Warleigh held Benford's hand, and looked to his right side. The fire was dull—the candle had burned nearly down. Benford was not a superstitious nor a timid man, but there was something in Lord Warleigh's manner that alarmed him. He looked where he pointed; and, straining his eyes in the direction of his finger, he saw, or fancied he saw, a pale white face growing palpable in the darkness, and fixing its calm, cold eyes upon his companion. For a moment the empty air had gathered itself into form, and he could have persuaded himself that Lord Warleigh's description of what he perceived was true. But the hand fell away, the head drooped down upon his breast, and his lordship was asleep. An hour passed away. A clock in the passage sounded two; and Benford touched Lord Warleigh on the shoulder.

"Your lordship," he said, "you must find it cold here. Your bed will soon be ready."

But Lord Warleigh made no reply. Benford looked in his face; he spoke to him gently, loudly, but still no answering sign. No; not to the loudest trumpet-call that earthly breath can utter will that ear ever be open. Lord Warleigh had passed away, with all his wealth and all his miseries; and nothing remained but a poor old figure propped up in an armchair, with the futile flames of an expiring fire throwing their lights and shadows on his stiff and motionless face.

Benford was greatly shocked, but a little honored, too. It isn't every parsonage parlor where a lord with fifty thousand a year condescends to die. He preached his lordship's funeral sermon to a vast congregation. He told of his charities—of his successful life; touched lightly on the slight aberrations of a mind enfeebled by years and honorable exertion; and trusted he had found peace, as he had died in the house, almost in the arms of a clergyman. His lordship's estates were sold; the sum realized was to be applied to the foundation of schools and hospitals, but not a school-room or a ward was ever built. The will was contested. Heirs-at-law sprung up in all ranks of life; lawyers flourished; and finally Chancery swallowed up all. When the estate of Combe-Warleigh changed hands, the castle was converted into a mill; the library was taken down, and a shaft sank where it had stood. When the workmen had descended about eight feet from the surface they came to a skeleton, a lantern, and a spade. The curious thing was that the spade was deeply imbedded in the skull. Mr. Fungus the antiquary read a paper at the Archaeological Society, proving with certainty that the body had been sacrificed by the Druids; and a controversy arose between him and Dr. Toadstool, who clearly proved at the British Association that it was the grave of a suicide of the time of King Alfred. I am of a very different opinion; by a sensible man and not an antiquarian, I keep it to myself.

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